

Rockledge, Nov. 27, 1870.

My dear Wendell:

We were all made glad by the Thanksgiving visit of George, at the same time regretting that you and Lucy, and the two darling boys, could not be with us to sit at the festive board, and make our family circle complete. We fortunately had Mrs. Wright and one of her granddaughters with us, so that we made a goodly company.

As George will be able to answer any question about family matters, I need not go into particulars. Little Helen has been quite unwell for several days past, and is now in the doctor's hands. She is suffering from a bronchial trouble, accompanied by a cough and some feverish symptoms, and is really very miserable, though we trust not seriously affected.

The portraits of yourself and Lloyd <sup>are</sup> ~~a~~ admirable, as "counterfeit presentiments," and also as a work of art. What could



the negative be purchased for? I am very desirous of getting several copies, to send across the Atlantic. Please order for me half a dozen, and I will send you the money for the same. Perhaps they will come a little cheaper if a dozen are ordered. If so, give the order, and retain half a dozen for your own use, and send the bill to me, with the remaining six. Of course, there need be no hurry about them; only as soon as convenient.

You will be glad to know that I am quite delivered from my skin torments, and looking and feeling, if not like a new man, at least incomparably better than I have done for several months past.

Your mother is also looking fresh and comely. Fanny is somewhat worn by care and watching, but has gotten fairly through with weaning Harold. He will be one year on the 3d of next month.



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He can now take a step or two alone, and by that time will probably be able to walk across the room. He absorbs a great deal of my time and attention, and prefers me to even his mother; refusing to be comforted, when I come into his presence, until he is in my arms.

The monument to our departed friend Henry G. Wright is at last erected over his remains at Swan Point Cemetery, Providence. It is a handsome marble obelisk, eight feet high, erected at the expense of his Hellenic friend Photius Fisk. I suppose Frank has told you how I was led to choose the lot in which the body is interred. It was an extraordinary manifestation, and as unsought as it was unexpected. It is the first instance I have ever heard of a departed spirit signifying the precise spot where he desired his earthly tenement to be deposited. "There are more things in heaven and earth," &c.

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Mr. Phillips means to put his lecture, amplified and carefully revised, <sup>in reply to Lyman,</sup> into pamphlet form, with a telling Appendix, in due time. While the lecture <sup>was</sup> itself ~~or~~ a crushing rejoinder, nothing <sup>more</sup> could have been more ill-timed or ill-judged than his exordium in regard to our State election. He makes wretched work of it in trying to be a political leader.

In the last Independent I have given my views in regard to third party organizations. If I had done so at the time our State election was pending, it would or might have been construed into a feeling of alienation from Phillips, ~~as~~ <sup>by</sup> the ~~part~~ of some of his political adherents.

Alas for the distance between your Park and Rockledge! We are with you all in loving remembrance continually, and send affectionate greetings and congratulations. Ever your loving Father.